

# I'd Buy that for a dollar!

Vol. I  
Issue #2

Sept.  
1996

put  
some  
bite  
in your  
Life



NO POSTAGE  
NECESSARY  
IF MAILED  
IN THE  
UNITED STATES

WARNING!! CONTAINS

**MAGICAL  
POWERS  
WE CAN'T  
TELL YOU  
ABOUT.**

**SPECIAL  
SAVINGS OFFER!**

# I ' D B U Y T H A T F O R A D O L L A R

| Volume I, Issue 2

| September, 1996 |

## ***Money Makes The World Go 'Round:***

*[Note: This was the original Editor's Note that was written for the first run of I'd Buy That For A Dollar that never really saw print. I found it pertinent, so here it is. -- G.M.]*

Everyone can be bought. Everyone has their price. And money can buy you happiness. These are the basic topics of discussion that will—or will not—be discussed within, or at least stabbed at before grabbing the ball and running off in another direction. And the reason these 3 themes will be constant in this 'Zine is because I live buy all three of them... and you should too!

First off: Money **CAN** buy you happiness. Simple as that. How often do you buy records? Eat food you like? Buy a book? Comic book? Stupid 'Zine? Or anything else you spontaneously want because it would make you happy? What about tacky clothing? A new necklace? Something cute to glue to your musical instrument of choice for that ultimate **PUNK ROCK** band you're in? Etc.? Etc.?

So you admit: Money can buy you happiness, just like it has for me. Then soon you will understand the second truth: that you **CAN** be bought.

You are probably just like me. You live in a decent looking apt. in an interesting little city and all you really want in life is a job to support you're stupid little bills like rent and electricity and phone, and of course food to eat a least once a day, and occasionally that pack of cigarettes and/or coffee or whatever, and one of the things mentioned in the first paragraph for your own personal pleasure when the need arises. So you spend your life looking for a job.

And it is then you realize that you **CAN** be bought, that you **WILL** be bought, that you would do anything to be bought so you can avoid living in that door-stoop down the road and keep up your normal life moving along adequately so that someday your band, or paintings, or writings, or whatever will be discovered. And you realize that you **CAN** be bought, but for the right price.

And the right price is, of course, a decent job.

And that is why Everyone Can Be Bought, Everyone Has Their Price, and Money Can Buy You Happiness.

—The Soylent Green (Circa September, 1995)

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Cover Art Assembled by *Austin Rich*

Terminal Amnesia Photo by *Keith Haynes*; **Hey look its Kenny Rogers!** “borrowed” from *The Portal* # BICYCLE; **The adventures of... Pete The Junky Duck** by *Olaf D. Neeper* (Accompanying Art There and throughout the 'zine by *Garl P. Snodgrass*); Colage Material On The Pete Cartoon & After [**Thoughts on**] **Germes (tribute)** **A Circle Of Friends** by *G.M.*; **Images that'll blow your mind**, Colage by *G.M.*;

Colage On this page *by G.M.*

Art & Text Layouts *by G.M.*

**Special Thanks** To Jon Comstock & Shane (Whatever Your Last Name Is) for helping me colate & staple last issue; Hungry Head Books for carrying this fine publication; Keith & Glyndon for letting their floor become my semi-permanent home, and The Portal for their donations of art & text.

Colin Hicks assisted in formulating the McDonald's™ Conspiracy Theory. Setence Contributions (in **Fridge Fun!**) came from Glyndon, Keith, Jon, Seth & Shere Randomness.

If you wish to contribute a story, poems, piece of art, or anything else roughly 2 dimensional that can be conveyed via xeroxing, or just want to drop a line, please write to:

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AN ART CAREER  
IN 3-D

You

always said

you'd go to the

ends of the earth

NEW



Since this issue is about bad food sort of, I thought I'd start off w/ a story about a theory we have about McDonald's™ that my friend Colin came up w/ that I have related to many friends w/ lots of success. We totally believe that this is 100% truth, & there is more than enough evidence to back this theory. This is also something that has been related to & explored to a deeper level in my work-in-progress "The Fast Food Whore", so when it is completed you can check that out & let me know what you think.

Anyway, the theory is as follows:

McDonald's™ is trying to make young men sterile in an attempt to control the population growth as a favor to the government in exchange for the ability to expand into the third world countries.

**How McDonald's™ makes young men sterile:** McDonald's™ uses these devices known as Q-Ing ovens to heat the food they are about to serve to customers before they put them in "the bin" (it is well known that "the bin" is a holding device w/ heat lamps to keep the food warm, where the food sits for hours until it is sold). Now these Q-Ing ovens resemble microwaves in every way, except in that where a microwave would take about 30 seconds to heat a burger to the point of being the temperature of the interior of the sun, these Qers take about 4 seconds. Now, I don't know what kind of radioactive materials McDonald's™ uses to produce this power, but I do know that it can't be healthy.

Now, in every McDonald's™ I've ever worked in (which is three different stores, total) the Q-ing ovens were placed conveniently in a place on the counter that was roughly the same height off the floor that my genitals are. This means that every time @ McDonald's™ when I had to heat a burger I was probably getting a nice dose of some kind of radiation aimed right @ my crotch. I imagine after prolonged exposure to that kind of environment, a person would become sterile, & I'm positive doctors would agree.

Now, I am not overly tall, nor am I short, & I estimate that many of the other males that work @ McDonald's™ have experienced this same phenomenon.

**Why McDonald's™ does this:** I've already stated that this must be a way of controlling the population. But let's probe this issue a little deeper.

What kind of people get jobs in fast food? Poor people, losers, & people who, try as they might, just don't have enough experience in any other kind of work & can't get a job anywhere else. Obviously, these people aren't the straight A, perfect attendance, model citizen types because those types are working for Microsoft™ or some other place right now. So these employees are the dregs of society, so poor that they soak up welfare & financial aid, or so stupid that they can't get a job anywhere else, or such outcasts that they get the job in order to pay for what financial aid @ art school doesn't. Wouldn't society be better off w/out them?

Of course, the only type of people that create these kind of people are exactly those kind of people, & the population is already so big as it is, so if the men in these groups are sterile, wouldn't that prevent the procreation of the "species" so to speak?

**How the government has a hand in it:** McDonald's™ didn't start expanding to other countries until around the '70's, which is a fairly well known fact. Now, by the time the '70's had rolled around, the people that were into the culture of the '50's were running the country. They weren't too keen on this new youth movement... "punk"... call it what you will. Not only that, but the population boom was reaching even higher levels around this time. The Baby Boomers had children that were in High School around this time, & not only that but the middle class was getting so big that more & more people were needing to get things like welfare & government assistance to help pay for their punk children to go to school.

Wouldn't life be much easier if there was some way to control this social class that dominated the fast food employees so they could stop spawning?

& isn't it convenient that right @ the peak of the "class war" is also the same time that McDonald's™ is finally able to set up shop outside of the U.S., also around the same time microwave-like devices were very big as a device for heating food. Hmmm.

Anyway, if you tie it all together, it makes one interesting little theory, & when you think about it, isn't McDonald's™ horrible enough to actually partake of this in the first place w/out the aid of a conspiracy theory?  
Just my 2 cents worth.

two random thoughts for the evening of august 29th

Frank  
by Keith

sometimes when every damn thing that goes wrong at that minute where you're seconds from giving up and everyone is standing around like vultures waiting to pick the proverbial shit off your carcass to laugh at your failure to enjoy the moment in life when something bad isn't happening to them...sometimes at that moment...everyone comes to the point where there is a life or death struggle between the id and the ego to smash everything into unrecognizable bits...and use the remaining large parts to crush the worthless skulls of the buzzardesques encircling their little vortex of reality...

Why is it...when your mind breaks out and spews random phrophecies into your memory...why is it that hardly any of them are anything important...what is it in the cosmic stream which dictates...the importance of getting a stain on your socks...or that while you're sitting down to eat a sandwich that you'll hear a dog bark...is this some sort of joke ones mind plays with the everyday conscious...maybe there should be a superhero invented after this idea..."he has the amazing superhero power to predict pointless bits of future trivia!" oooh aaaaah...

TERMINAL AMNESIA INTERVIEW

by The Soylent Green

Terminal Amnesia is a local three piece in the industrial vien, industrial being the musical style and not the industry it used to be. I first saw Terminal Amnesia at a "noise" show via A.C.R.O.N.Y.M. and Icky's teahouse, and was impressed that a trio of men from the local area could pull off songs in the vien of Nine Inch Nails and Skinny Puppy without sounding like they were ripping them off. It was an extremely hot night in September that I managed to get them to come over for a bit of coffee and managed to get some info out of them.

**Semen Christ** -- (Claiming to be 842),  
Plays "the throat", programming, & guitar.  
**Victim Of Brawney** -- (Aged 18), Plays  
Bass, vocals, programming, guitar &  
drums.  
**Clit Greasedwood** -- (Claiming to be 3),  
Plays Keyboards & programming.

It seemed to me that I had invited normal people over to my house, and soon (aside from the names I had to use) we were discussion rather mundane things. It was odd to think that these were the same, energetic people I saw on stage putting on the best industrial show I'd ever seen a few months



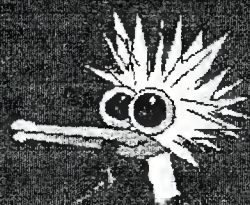
**From Left To Right:**  
**Victim Of Brawney, Semen Christ, Clit Greasedwood**



# Hey look its Kenny Rogers!

Now son, what  
do you want to be  
when you grow  
up?

Pete!



**I GOT  
SHIT ON  
MY HAND**

*The day  
toilet paper  
was invented*

**The  
Right  
way  
up  
down**

This spot paid for by De Olde Cathead



back. I started with the hardest questions first.

**TSG:** What does the name "Terminal Amnesia" mean to you?

**SC:** Basically when I formed the band, I was reading Wolverine comics at the time, and he had so much amnesia in every issue... he had no clue which of his memories were real. I realized he had Terminal Amnesia... and that's basically where the name came from.

**TSG:** So what do you call your music? Is it industrial?

**CG:** It's electronic, fucked-up-rhythem-&-synth shit.

**VB:** No it's not. See, I consider it to be a strange representation of our inner consciousnesses. We all have these really conflicting thoughts and ideas bouncing around, and we're always trying to make sense of it. Why not make this into sounds?

**TSG:** So what inspires you to make this "representations"?

**VB:** Nine Inch Nails is a big influence, but like I said it's not just music. Life's little mishaps, political situations, and whatever else is floating around are all a part of it.

**SC:** Yeah. It's all the fucked up political shit that's going on... mixed in the a big desire to make music.

**CG:** That's all bullshit. It's smokin' crack & worshipping satan, and you know it Semen.

↳ satan

↳ semen

Before I got a chance to ask the obvious question, Clit added that he did not condone either.

**TSG:** How'd The Band Get Started?

↳ lead is heavy

**SC:** In 1991, Clit and I were really into Heavy Metal bands, so I borrowed the "Cool World" soundtrack from my next door neighbor, and on that soundtrack one song in particular stood out as being the hardest thing I'd ever heard: "NWO" by Ministry. I was all like, "Fuck yeah," and that got me into Industrial. Clit was really into it too, and not too much later when Victim bought a keyboard he started working on NIN-esque stuff with Clit. He asked me and this guy Dr. Phibes to come on over to lay down some bass, guitar and vocals, and so I decided that we should start a band and get serious about this music... and we did. There was this other guy that used to be involved named Doug, but he flaked and wouldn't give me his number after I lost it. I haven't heard from him since.

The first song we did together as a band was called "Twice," which was pretty much the beginning, and since then we just kept on going.

**TSG:** And how long have you been together?

**VB:** We've all known each other since '89, but the band didn't get officially started until around '95.

Victim asked if he could get a drink of water to overcome the extreme heat in the room after this question, so we took a cigarette break and BSed about music. And to think, I thought all industrial bands were into heroin, not smoking. The odd setting of them making cracks about not being industrial because they don't have the "Jesus Wept" sample, mixed in with stories about where the sounds on their demos came from was just too cool. We went back inside and continued the interview.

**TSG:** Do any of you have any previous band experience?

**SC:** Not really. My evil twin brother plays bass in Conkrit as "Jonathan Chaos." Other than that, we haven't really had any other bands.

**VB:** I've been working on music for about 6 years now with Clit. We never really started a band, though.

**CG:** I did! I had a solo project I used to work on in the shower, but it never went anywhere.

<A wave of chuckles floated through Semen and Victim, but I refused to let the conversation resort of masturbation jokes>



**TSG:** Is there any link between old school "industrial" and the music that your band makes?

**CG:** Yeah. I tend to like older, weirder Skinny Puppy type industrial better than this Stabbing Westward, Gravity kills crap.

**SC:** I tend to lean toward the Einsturzende Neubauten era percussion sound, which I use as my influence for the percussive parts of our live songs.

**TSG:** So what kind of approach do you take to writing a new songs?

**VB:** I definately feel that the music should come first, and lyrics should come second. When I start, I'll have a concept in my head of the way the song should go, and I try to emulate that with the music I lay down as best I can. I have some music theory education, so I'm fairly competent at making the transition between my head and the keyboard.

**CG:** I'll usually start with a certain band or style in mind when I start that I want to emulate, then I'll program a strange drum part to go along with that. I'll then add whatever I feel sounds best around the tracks already laid down, and hope everything else sounds good.

**SC:** I usually write the lyrics first, which generally sets my songwriting apart. I'm generally just trying to express something I'm feeling... often inspired by watching hours of "Cops," or hearing about Beavis and Butt-head inspiring kids to burn their houses down, or Death Metal causing rape and murder. That kind of stuff inspired the song, "The Blame."

**TSG:** Is this way harder than with the standard 3 piece "punk" band?

**CG:** Don't ask me, I wouldn't know. The keyboard is all I've really tried to play.

**VB:** I think yes and no, because with a 3 piece it's easier for all the band member to participate in coming up with ideas. With the keyboard approach, you can record them on the spot, though, *and* you can edit the music easier. This way, you don't lose songs ideas. I guess it just depends on what you like and what you prefere. With me, I lose song ideas easily, so I like using the keyboard.

**SC:** From a recording standpoint, it's easier than pissing on a rope, especially if it's all keyboard, because you just plug the cables right into the 4-track and you get perfect... well, at least semi-perfect recording quality.

**TSG:** So what kind of equipment do you use to create these songs?

**CG:** An Ensoniq SQ1+ Personal Music Studio (basically a keyboard), A tape deck for sampling, whoever's guitar happens to be around, a ROSS 4-Track recording device, some mics, a bass, and anything else we can find.

**TSG:** Do you consider your music innovative?

**SC:** No. I think industrial music is the easiest to write, but the hard part is comming up with originality in the music. There'll be times when we'll write something and it'll sound just like NIN or Skinny Puppy... and then we have to re-write it and change it. Everyone has the same synths on their keyboards, so it's just a question of using those synths in a new way.

**TSG:** Do any of you have any musical background playing instruments, or did you have to teach yourselves how to do what you now do?

**CG:** I taught myself everything I know using Victim's sequencer.

**SC:** Yeah. Everything is self-taught... from vocals to quantized farting.

**VB:** Well, I taught myself to use the sequencer, but I had guitar lessons for a year, and I learned drumming from the school band. Bass came second nature after knowing the guitar, so that wasn't too hard to learn.

**TSG:** Any stories worth mentioning?

**SC:** Yes! Clit and I were in one of our classes in High School, "20th Century Global Issues," and there was this christian girl in our class, who we nicknamed "God Girl." I made it my goal to try to disgust her with the lyrics I was writing for Terminal Amnesia, which is where the lyrics for "Glass Sodomy" came from... you can guess what the song's about. Needless to say, she was quite disgusted. Clit and I had a good laugh. It was a proud moment.

**CG:** But the funny part was, she still talked to us afterward, even though we grossed her out.

**TSG:** So what is the future of Terminal Amnesia?

**VB:** Is there one?



CG: Yes. There's so many people that want to work on projects with us, and also want to perform live with us. Not only that, but there are so many connections, and ideas for recording that there's just too many possibilities for what could happen to us in the future. It's all kind of up in the air.

SC: We're trying to improve our live shows, by adding two live drummers (one playing a kit and one playing random percussive "things" we've built), two bass players (one playing electric, one playing stand-up), and we're trying to get this guy named Ocean to play guitar for us who has piercings up the wazoo. I'm going to continue singing, and probably do a little percussion here and there. Clit's gonna stay on synths and Keyboards, and we're talking about covering Devo's "Whip It," so I can beat him on stage.

Another round of laughs came across the apartment.

I felt good about the interview, and decided that a booze run was indeed in order. We drank a little bit longer, until it was absolutely, positively time for them to go, and sat and reflected on this interview. It was amazing to think that musicians are people too. They were all really nice, all really intelligent, and though they seemed a bit quiet at times, they were mostly just regular guys trying to get some music out about what they believe to be important.

They told me they might have a tape available soon, and who knows, maybe I'll get WANC to help them get it out sooner. I also have in the works a tape of their live show I mic-ed, so there'll be that in the near future too. But I definitely suggest checking these guys out.

--The Soylent Green.

I smell a dead duck!

The adventures of...

Pete The Junky Duck

Episode Thlee:  
The darkness within  
(vuck!!)



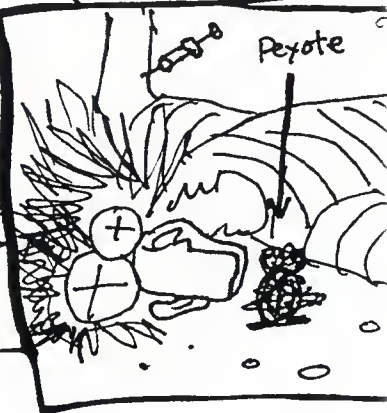
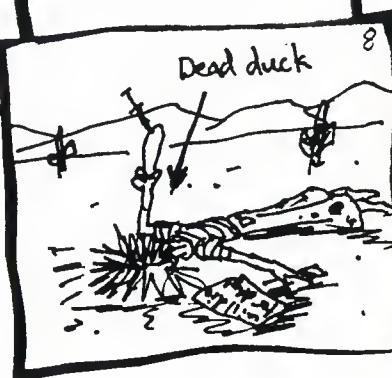
Pete's in  
the  
desert...



That's  
better



Funny I thought  
he was immortal

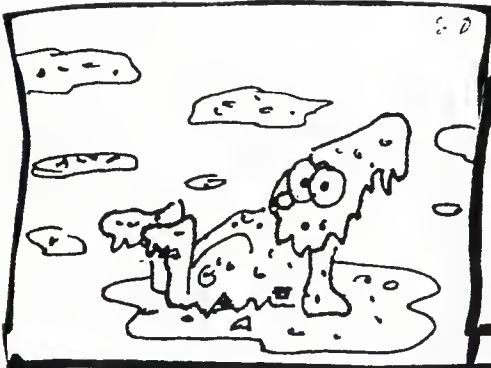


# A Call to Battle

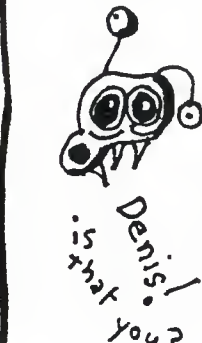
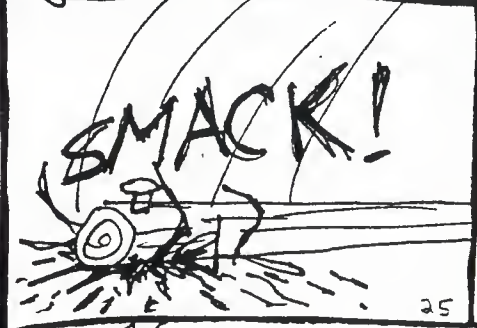
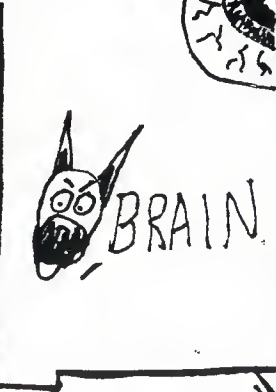
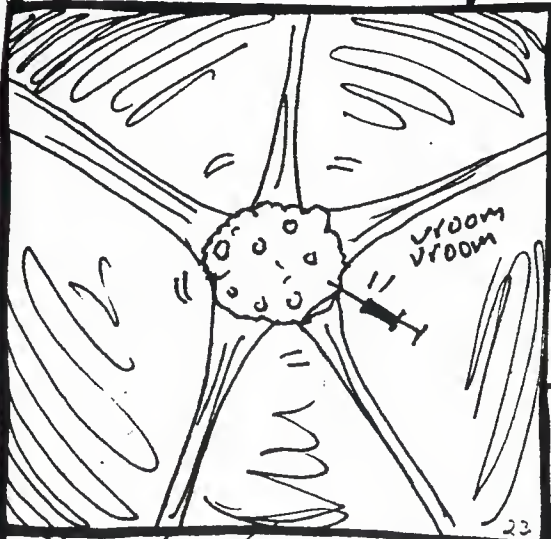
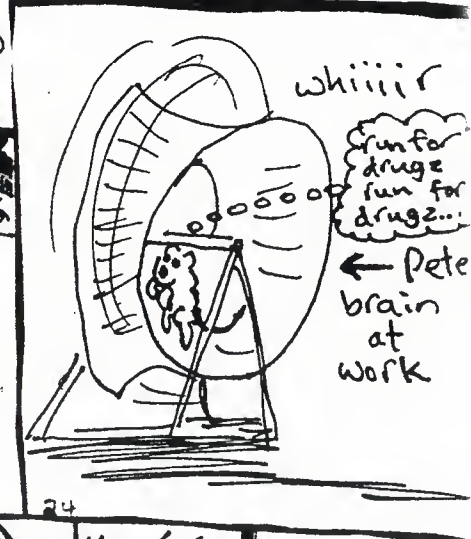


"Best wishes,  
Buzz Aldrin"





Meanwhile,  
inside  
Pete's head...





"The Horror... The Horror!"

**The Extremely Large Yet Cheap Yeggie Burrito That Attacked My Stomach  
On A Friday Afternoon While I Was With My Girlfriend  
by Inhospitable Entry Carol\***

[\* No, that isn't my real name, you idiot. None of the names given are real to protect their safety. I just take random words out of the dictionary.]

It was a hot and humid day in Ashland, OR. I was down from my homebase of Eugene to visit my girlfriend Haggard Exultant Promotion\*.

She decided since we had shit for money to accompany her mother for lunch. I had no problem w/ this notion (which rhymes w/ lotion).

So the 3 of us head over to this Mexican food joint (now mind you, this wasn't fast food, it was more like a Mexican deli). Haggard asks for a veggie burrito, her mother gets the same and asks, "What do you want to get?"

Now me being a little dim-witted quickly scan the menu hoping there's something that I like that's similar in price to the veggie burrito.

Of course, I couldn't find a damn thing, so I ordered a veggie burrito. But, get this. I ordered BLACK BEANS instead of pinto beans. I like them a lot better than pintos 'cause black beans have style.



So we got our food and I was amazed at it's size. The burrito was huge. It was the size of a small dog! I proceeded to woof the thing down (no pun intended) and was barely able to do so.

Now let me add that it was a pretty tasty burrito. I could tell you what was in it besides the black beans but I can't remember and you probably wouldn't give a shit anyways.

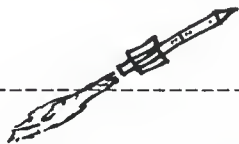
Well, lunchtime was over and Haggard's mother dropped us off at her high school so she could pick up her year book. The pick up place was closed so we then walked to her friend Persist Drive Kowtow\*'s house.

On that small journey of 5 or 6 blocks I got the feeling that my burrito had waged war upon the country of my stomach. The only thing that was keeping the peace was the Mountain Dew I drank with it (I was going to use some metaphor with the burrito being Hitler or Stalin, but I couldn't work it completely through).

When we reached our destination I knew that the Dew had the upper hand and had thrown a coup upon the burrito regime. The Dew had decided to exile the fascist bastards out through my bowels.

So I ended up in the bathroom for what seemed like hours.

THE END



The Fast Food Whore: A Documentary Of Insanity

by G.M.

Thursday. June 6th. 1996. 12:30 A.M.



After a relaxing 2 day break from work @ Taco Bell™ I clocked on today @ 4:56 P.M. I was 1 minute late. The manager this evening gave me hell for it. What the fuck?

I worked 2nd till again today, & I must say I enjoy it. I don't know why. People @ work seem to think that if you are scheduled to work Front Till that you had committed a sin in a past life & this was your way for atoning for it. It really isn't that bad, though. It's the only position in the store where everything is slow paced. Well, today it was tough to slack off because the manager was a hard nose (someone different). She was watching us today like a hawk.

I worked w/ Robert again today. I really don't like him. He has this "Hollier Than Thou" approach to other people, & he seems to think he knows everything. I'm really annoyed because today he told each & every customer that he took orders for that he wouldn't take their order unless they smiled. Why? Why should someone smile when they've lowered their eating standards to Taco Bell™? I sure would be wearing shit on my face if he was taking MY order.

Overall though the day was slow. I'm starting to get used to the way Taco Bell™ works (or, rather doesn't work). One thing I learned about today was the "Pavlov's Dog" attitude the managers have toward employees.

I guess in the past a lot of people have stolen money from the tills because each day before your shift you have to watch the manager count your till. Then, you go out & take orders for the day. @ the end of the day, the manager counts the till again (while you watch, of course). If your till is perfect (no + or -) then your get a reward of a food item. Hot diggety dog. If there's one thing I want more in life after five hours of contact w/ Taco Bell™ food it sure is a Double Decker Taco<sup>(C)</sup>. Jesus.

The funny thing is that most employees actually play along w/ this game. They all really like the idea of free food & want to get a perfect till for that soul purpose. Why? After a long day @ work the last thing I want to see is Taco Bell™ food. Besides, the food is so... gross.

Robert is one of those people that actually likes the Taco Bell™ food, & tries to get perfect tills just to get free food. He even tried to pawn off orders on me so he wouldn't have to take orders & that way, his till would be perfect. Why? I mean, wouldn't it make sense that before you got the job @ Taco Bell™ they would check & see if you could count change? I guess not, even though it was on my "Taco Bell™ Entrance Exam." Maybe Robert knows he's a fuck-up & he's trying to hide this fact.

Robert is also far to touchy feely for his own good. If he pats me on the back one more time when saying, "Good Job," I think I'll file a sexual harassment suit.

Odd thing happened today. I was sweeping (which is all I ever do while working front till) & one of the employees asked me how old I was. I told her I was 21. She asked me if I had been in the military. I said no.

She said, "Then where'd you get those boots?"

Today I was wearing my dress shoes, but I guess since the standard issue Taco Bell™ pants are so long @ a glance they looked like boots to her.

I said, "Oh, these are dress shoes," & pulled up my pant leg a bit.

She said, "Oh. It wouldn't make sense to wear boots @ Taco Bell™ anyway, so that's why I asked."

What? Since when? I wore army surplus combat boots to work @ McDonald's™ & Wendy's™. In fact, my Division street counterpart wears boots to work @ his store. Weird. Maybe she doesn't know that Doc Marten's are then in thing w/ the alternatens like her.


Around 9 I had wiped down every table 27 times, swept the floor 30 times, & had done every other menial task that I'm asked to do @ least 13 times each. I asked the manager if I could do the dishes to pass the time & she said yes. So now I know how to do the ultimate slack off job.

@ Taco Bell™, there is this sink about 8 feet long that has three compartments. The first compartment is water & soap. The second is just water. The third is sanitized water. In the first compartment there is a heating element that is supposed to keep the water warm, & some kind of circulating unit that keeps the water in motion. When you put the dishes in the first compartment, the circulating units move the water around the dishes, theoretically getting them clean. Then you move the dishes in the water compartment to rinse the dishes off, & then you put them in the third compartment to sanitize them.

The cool thing is that the washing device never gets the dishes clean, so you have to wash them by hand. It takes forever, & you can take your time doing it too. I spent the rest of the night doing the dishes.

@ 10 I told the manager I was supposed to be off, & that we should count my till. However, she forgot about this & didn't set the time-lock safe to go off @ 10, so I had to wait 10 minutes not doing anything & getting paid for it for the safe to open. Today I was \$0.06 over. Oh well.

As I left the store, I stole a bag of nacho cheese sauce & thanked the gods again that a bus would run @ 11:08 P.M. so I didn't have to walk home. All in all, a pretty average day @ Taco Bell™, but it still sucked hard.

 I don't remember that!

Memories Across The World

by G.M.

To me, material possessions are like memories. Each one contains a memory of when you got it, who gave it to you (or how you got it), and what mental significance it has to you. I've been thinking a lot about this lately, considering that one of the biggest things I had to deal with recently was moving my stuff that was at my ex-girlfriend's house into a more neutral place, and in having to load all those things into a U-Haul™ and move them to my friends house for safe keeping, I got to thinking about where my memories have been.



After I stopped living with my mom, I've had a severe problem with keeping all my memories together. When I "moved out," I only took what I needed to survive considering I didn't have anywhere to keep my stuff. So basically, I had a lot of my shit over at her house and only a little bit of it with me. That changed later, because I eventually got my own apartment and I had to move it all into that place and during my 6 month stay I never really got around to unpacking all my memories, mainly because I was so busy.

In fact, when I was living with my mom I never got around to completely "moving in." My parents got a divorce when I was in the 7th grade, and there was a lot of back and forth until I eventually moved in with my mom. Ever since, I've always had this unnerving feeling that I would have to move sooner or later, so many of my memories would remain boxed up for most of my life (I still have a box that has had the same contents in it since I first moved in with my mom way back when).

Even before that, my family moved a lot because my father worked for Southern Pacific Railroad, and he would always have to move to where the work was, which was quite often hundreds of miles away. So I guess I've always had this inner knowledge, subconsciously, that I should never get too comfortable.

Well, since I moved out of my apartment, there have been so many moves that I was unable to take all my stuff on that most of my memories were scattered across Oregon... or what seemed like the world to me. When I settled into my first apartment in Eugene, I simultaneously had belongings stored in the back room of my mom's bookstore in Cottage Grove, my father's attic in Oregon City, with my brother who was staying with "friends," my friend Steve who lived in Milwaukie, my friend Keith's parent's house in Globe, and my friend Keith's apartment in here in Eugene. It seemed like, no matter how hard I tried, all my memories would not stay in the same place.

The worst part is, I could never really remember what those memories were. Sure, I knew that Steve had a bunch of my stuff, or that my father had a bunch of my stuff, but what? It really began to worry me because with all these material possessions that I couldn't even remember what they were scattered across the world, I felt like I was losing my memory.

Well, my friend Steve finally brought my memories from Milwaukie for me and it was only then that I could look through the boxes and say, "Hey, I remember when I got this... it was that day we drove to Eugene together..." and for the time being things were a little better.

Well, my father had a fire at his old house where my stuff was, and I've lost all of those memories forever it's even more sad than the fact that I lost those things, because now that I've gotten all rest of my stuff stored away in my friend Todd's garage, I went through them and couldn't think of anything that was missing. All of the memories I remember having were there, but I know for a fact that I kept a lot of my stuff was my father's house that I never retrieved, but what? The thought of forgetting the places I've been, the people I've known, all because I can never touch the thing that was associated with it, is unnerving. What else have I forgotten?

Well I do know that recently, I discovered an apartment that I'll be taking over rent at later this month, and the thought that, for once in my life, all my memories that still exist will be together in one room makes me want to jump for joy. It's weird to think that I find this problem so big now, because it doesn't sound like a big deal when I tell people about it. But I'm a pack rat, and if that postcard my friend Teresa sent me from Colorado can bring back my Junior year of High School, then, in my mind, it must be important.

Fridge Fun!



by G.M.

A while back my roommates got this set of refrigerator magnets that are called "Fridge Fun!" Each set has a different theme as far as the words that are contained within, and what you are supposed to do is used the given words to create really odd sentences that make people laugh. This set was the "Therapy" set, and I thought it might be fun to print what ended up on the fridge over the last month. The sentences the way they appeared on the fridge are written in brackets, so what you see is what we got (roughly).

Images that'll  
blow your mind,  
**Talking the**  
**Small Press**

**SKIP**  
the commitments

Arrows in Flight

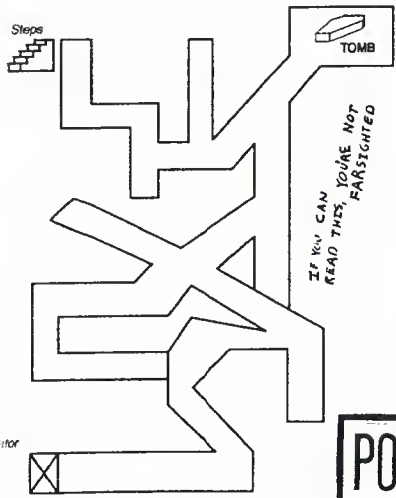


"We're not going to censor down to the lowest common denominator," says Case. "We let people make choices."

**QUICK FIX**

A Classic Returns

Lights, Camera, Action!



"I even saved our groceries."

**Random notes**

Finally,  
dating a guy doesn't  
mean having to date  
all his roommates.

**POPJOURNAL**

PUT THIS IN  
YOUR MEMORY BANK

flashback

**AREA 51**  
TOP SECRET RESEARCH FACILITY



Clear Skies — Guaranteed!

**Run On**

**REATURE**  
of rebellious. Anyone who  
into the eyes of the Creatures  
for than five seconds  
turned into a more

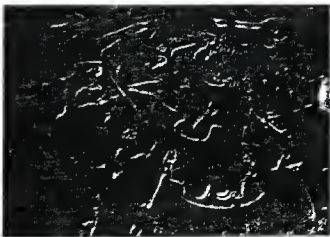
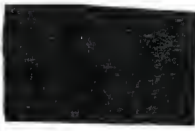
**SCIENTISTS**  
the... Scientists  
the... the...  
gazing into your  
can instantly absorb  
your mind.



The Way Everything Moves

The Virtual Library

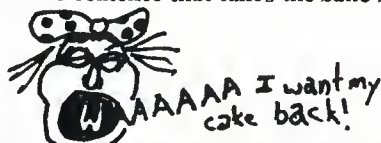
**STARF  
COMP  
INDER  
UTERS**





[Manipulate Underlying Compulsive Sexual Fixation    Anal Fantasy Is A Cure!] [Paranoia] [Feel My Scared] [How Do You Smother A Child?] [I Shrink Kids] [Pet Learn Behavioral Transference] [Dirty Feelings Are His Favorite] [Intimacy Is Guilt.] [Work] ["Avoid Life"] [Lash Hard, Touch Your Self.] [We Fear Baby Rivalry] [Dark Childhood: Hate Parents] [She Give Neurotic Pressure Anger Fast] [Attach Psychotic Animals To Her Ugly Brother's Nuts] [I Am Good Dr. Mental Damage The Happy Sadist]

However, I think that this sentence that takes the cake is:



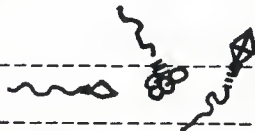
[Resent Sanity  
Trust Delusions  
Take Meds  
& Be High]

Overall, it was very interesting to see what sentences my roommates and guests came up with. Even more interesting, though, is what words weren't used, and the block formation they were in when all was said and done.

Fit He Nerve Able Could Heal Hide Make Care How Past Shed Does Hurt Daze Lost Pride En  
vy Body Sharp Guard Gut See Death Start Want Need For In Stuck Deep Past With Out Memo  
ry ly ing Effect Sibling Sad Phobia Process Grandeur Free Cry Far Test Afraid Crazy No  
Worry Praise Anger Diagnose Love To Of Him ing ly er est If Down At Still At 's It Bac  
k Live Sure Over It As ies es Of In Disorder Stranger Dormant Under Obsessive Shy Let  
All Can't Jung Bad Real Or As ier Repressed Passive Soft Last ed y An Am r Jealous @ y  
On d d Progress [    ] [    ] Analyst [    ] [    ] Should Tell Take Crush Edge Ps  
ychology Overbearing Competition Mean Pathological [    ] Therapist Bother Under Sist  
er Negative [    ] Reverse Secure Ritual Problems [    ] Key Please Forget Think Bet  
ter Couch Up Roll Positive Thought Esteem Aggressive Tell Key Resent Rejection Pain De  
nial Manic Break Borderline ; Affect So Want That Freud An Calm Insane Always Temper D  
rive Never Side By Abuse Impulse Grip Sane Obsessed Stop Anal Retentive Shame Codepend  
ent [    ] Father Surface Emotion Destroy Relate Dreams Infant Did Cause Handle Confr  
ont Block What Mother About Me Will Control Don't

[Note: I did a little bit of editing, but it's all fun and games anyway. Notice that brackets with spaces indicate blank pieces, to be theoretically used to write in a word that isn't available.]

Considering everything after the fact, in the think the stream-of-consciousness sentence tells more about us than the others. But that's just my opinion. If there are some more good sentences next month, you may see them here.



Not these germs

[Thoughts on] Germs (tribute) A Circle Of Friends by The Soylent Green

To say that I was disappointed with the Germs tribute album available via Grass Records would be like saying, "I was really disappointed in the World War II Holocaust." I'm not saying that the horrors that appear on the album are comparable to that of the Holocaust, but they are pretty damn horrible if you ask me.

It starts off pretty decent. On the surface, the format is superb for a tribute. They "mirror" the cover of (GI) in layout on the front, and even repeat the effect on the inside with a band shot (these pictures being from other sources and not the (GI) album). All of the band shots within are one's I'd never seen before, which I thought was

nice because I thought I'd seen it all. Not only that, but the text within is very comprehensive and well written. It covers everything that I'd ever known about the Germs, including things I didn't, and also has bits and pieces of interviews. From the beginning, I liked it.

However, after hearing NOFX rendition of "Forming," I was ready to smash my CD player, and from there the CD started to decline. Occasionally, there were some good track (Free Kitten's rendition of "Sex Boy" was very good, as was the Melvins track. But soon it became painfully clear that if the only thing I had to look forward to was a White Zombie/Red Hot Chili Peppers/Circle Jerks collaboration (which is a really good track), they there probably needs to be some serious re-thinking on this tribute.

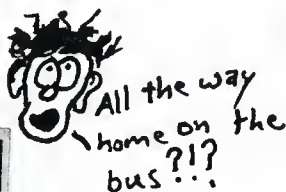
Instead of continuing to rip this tribute to shreds, here are some ideas I thought would have made the music on the CD much better.

**TRACK 1:** Get Cathead to do "Forming," (there version is true to the original); **TRACK 2 & 3:** Keep Free Kitten & The Melvins; **TRACK 4:** Kill Courtney Love, find Lorna Doom & Don, and get Pat to do the vocals. However, don't do "Circle One." Any Germs fan could tell you that the only person to sing should have been Darby; **TRACK 5:** Though D Generation did a decent version of "No God," some better suggestions include The Ramones, Dead Kennedy's, Bad Religion, or maybe even some odder bands (Mr. Bungle could have done some really unique things with this track after hearing what they did on *Disco Volunte*); **TRACK 6:** Keep this one (Mike Watt & J Mascis? I'm already cumming in my pants over the mere thought!); **TRACK 7:** Ruined Eye (Members of White Zombie, Circle Jerks and Red Hot Chili Peppers) did a decent job on this song, but maybe drop White Zombie and replace them with The Descendants; **TRACK 8:** If you are going to put a joke song on a Germs tribute (especially on "Richie Dagger's Crime"), then some better ideas would have been Men's Recovery Project or maybe even Tit Wrench; **TRACK 9 & 10:** Anybody but these guys. "Strange Notes" isn't my favorite Germs song, but this band did nothing more than play the song just like they did. We need some innovation here, guys! The same goes for "Manimal," though I really like the original, and think the Wipers could have done some interesting things with this song; **TRACK 11:** This may sound a little obscure, but imagine if Unwound did this song? The possibilities would be endless! Truthfully, I would have preferred anyone but That Dog (they just ruined this song ("We Must Bleed") and it is one of my favorites; **TRACK 12:** Flea did a very good version of "Media Blitz," so I would suggest keeping this track unless Negativland were made available for this compilation; **TRACK 13:** KARP. "The Other Newest One." Need I say more?; **TRACK 14:** Imagine if Dub Narcotic Sound System were doing, "Let's Pretend"? I'm not to much for the ska band that did it on the tribute, but doing a Dub version would just kick my ass; **TRACK 15 & 16:** Due to the length of Track 20, I would have cut these songs out. They all suck and I can't think of anyone better to do them than the Germs anyway; **TRACK 17:** Keep this track. The Meat Puppets have just enough sense of humor to do "Not All Right," in a funny way, and yet tastefully; **TRACK 18:** Members of The Beastie Boys and Sonic Youth (going under "Puzzled Panthers") doing "Now I Hear The Laughter" has got to be the highlight of this album. If nothing else, keep this track; **TRACK 19:** Speed this track up about twice as fast and maybe I'd let L7 stay on here. Otherwise, I think Tool would have done so much better (if they, too, could play it at regular speed); **TRACK 20:** I like this track, but instead of Monkeywrench doing the first version of "Shut Down," why not local boys A.C.R.O.N.Y.M.? Their cover is far superior to the one Monkeywrench did. Other than that, Hovercraft's version is fine by me, and the spoken word at the end ties the whole album together.

Anyway, just some ideas I had today on the bus. You can take them for at least that much.

pro

hid



bing the

den heart



1. I'm walking to the store with Keith and Glyndon and at the corner of Fourth and Adams a white car drives by blasting as loud as he can Spanish Polka.
2. I'm walking home from the store with my walk man on as the batteries are running low. As I pass the apartment complex on Fourth and Blair near the Red Barn, a woman stops me and motions for me to take the headphones off. She says, "Where are you going?" I say, "I'm going home." She asks, "Why are you going home?" I say, "So I can eat some food." She says, "Is that it?" I say, "Yeah." She says, "Okay," and walks up the stairs to an open door.
3. I'm trying to go to sleep after watching a show at Icky's and all my friends show up and want to hang out and talk. I try to tell them I need to sleep, but they are all busy talking or having fun with my roommates, and pretty soon it's 6:00 A.M. and I have to get up for work at 10:00 A.M. I bite the bullet and do it anyway.
4. I'm so sick that I can barely get out of bed one morning, and I'm coughing up more phlegm than I've ever done in my life. I find out after the fact that I've slept 14 hours, and that makes me feel even more sick.
5. I'm over at my friend Lyra's house playing "I Never" with Caroline, Lyra, & Sholomon, and of course we start using all the sexual notions we know of the other. I am painfully reminded that it's been far to long (which leads to the next bit).
6. I'm lying on the floor of the living room far past the time that I should have been asleep, masturbating, trying to remember what it was like to have sex.
7. I'm so hungry that I force myself to eat something my stomach wants to reject (potato chips, frozen pizza, budget gormmet), and then I regret it for hours afterward.
8. I'm walking home late at night from wherever I've been off to with either or friend or just my walk man, and it's so dark and late that I actually begin to get a little nervous. I remember all the times that I used to do this all the time back in the day, when the streets were busy and there were people out that you could talk to and hang out with, but now the streets are empty and life is returning to normal, and I feel out of place and old.
9. I'm waiting for the bus to go to work, and my favorite crazy person is there to. He loves to wave at everyone, and anyone who doesn't wave back he flips them off. He asks me for a cigarette by won't accept it if it isn't a 100. He always carries a little tape deck with him and he always listens to country music that's good (Johnny Cash, Hank Williams Sr.), but one day he was listening to this song over and over again called, "Smoke That Cigarette." He starts swearing about something, and I try to let him have his fun because I can see the people coming that harassed him and tried to beat him up the other day.
10. I'm working on this 'zine, and it's turning out pretty good.



Next issue will have the tentative theme of "Jobs." Either not having one or hating one. But before I go I'd like to give special thanks to Jon, my new roommate, and all the drinking we will be doing in the coming months.

**Next Issue:** Conkrit Interview; The End Of The World; Even More Of The Fast Food Whore; Etc.



I'd Buy That  
For A Dollar

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